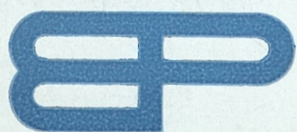
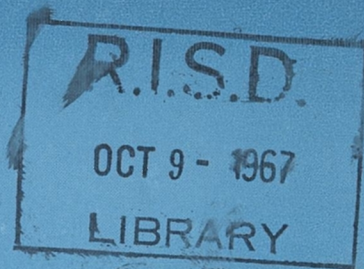
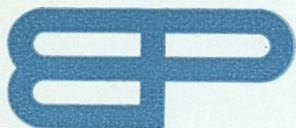


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BLOCKPRINT



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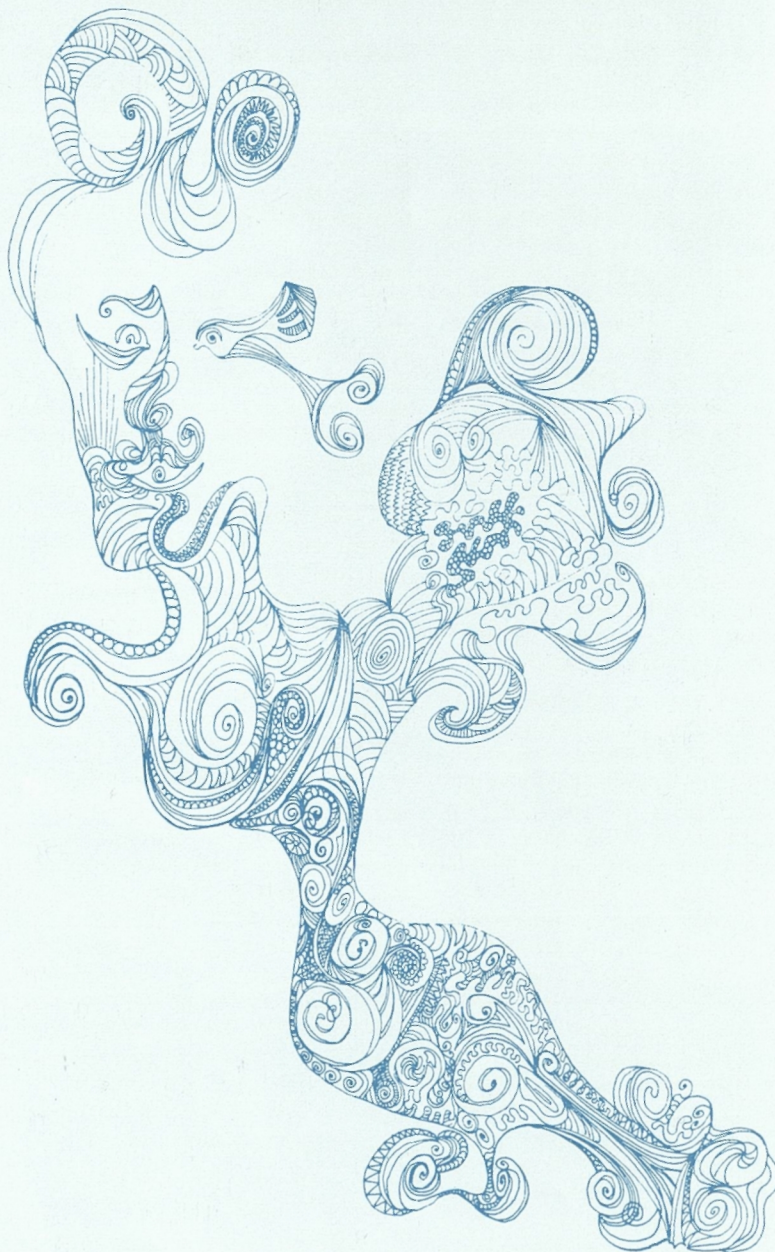
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"If you can make it at some-
thing you love you've got it made"
Moulty



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THE WORLD'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS DJ

BLOCKPRINT VISITS WRIB'S CHUCK STEVENS

The early 60's reign from 1:30 to 6 on WRIB 1220 radio. If you are tired of slick unclevver Vic Armen, try a real person, with moods, faults, personality. Chuck Stevens, the Armenian soul brother, an old time DJ, has returned to the air in all his wackiness. Whether he's smashing new records on the air, rattling off ethnic jokes (did you hear who won the Polish beauty contest? No one.), playing Frankie Valli singles 7 times in a row, yelling into his echo violent Vibrator, or pulling out meaning-less oldies, he's being his controversial, outrageous self. He is famous for impersonations, dedications, singing with the records, playing wolf calls through "Hound Dog", by his ultimate enemy Elvis. In his old days he talked solid for five hours, when people complained about his jokes.

Blockprint interviewed him at the studio; during the interview he insisted on being called "Your Imperial Leader," and the "Raja of Rhode Island Radio."

"Well, we're talking to the Rhode Island School of Design, which is one of the most formidable colleges around in the state of Rhode Island and we've got a big show coming to the Veterans Memorial Auditorium on October 27th and tickets for this show will be \$2.00, \$3.00, and \$3.50 and they're on sale at all leading record stores everywhere. As a matter of fact, we are bringing in from Philadelphia a group of seven individuals and they're really terrific where ever they go. They're coming in and they're going to be joined by Chubby and the Turnpikes, a group called The Unpredictables, the Ken Curtiss Review and a new star on United Artists label called Sharon Redd. Now we're supporting the Joseph Bouchi Post Aux. V.F.W. on that night, so if you'd like to come down, well, you're more than welcome to come . . . THAT'S THE MAGNIFICENT MEN, in person. They have two great swingin' albums out now, and a single called "Sweet Soul Medley, Part One and Part Two". And as far as the Rhode Island School of Design is concerned, stay off of college hill, be-

cause you might fall off it!" So much for opening statements.

Can you tell us what you've done since you went off the air?

"Well, a lot of people have been wondering what happened to me and I'm very, very flattered by this because when you leave the air, they very rarely miss you 'Oh., he was a nice guy,' it was one of those things. Well, I left the air in June, '64 when they had a format change at WXTR and they wanted me to play good music and I only had to do one thing, that was to walk. So I didn't work for about eight or nine months and then I decided to take a job at Channel 6 television which is now WTEV in New Bedford and Providence and I worked there for about two and a half years as an account executive. So this just wasn't my cup of tea and I decided that radio was my game, I thought I'd come back and give it another try. Who knows, who knows what happens in this world — you could come back and fall flat on your face or you could become an ultimate success, it all depends on the way you handle yourself."

What do you think of the new trend in music now that you've returned to the airwaves?

"The new music, if you like the psychedelic sound, it's great but I don't particularly like psychedelic music as a matter of fact, that ballad of Pooneil by the Jefferson Airplane, I gave it to a fella name of Tim. For that matter I stress the soul type of music on my show. I really think it's the best type of music they have out now because the way they handle themselves and they know just how to put a record over and they've got the rhythm and the beat and everything else that goes along to making a successful record."

Do you ever get a response for the ethnic jokes that you use on your show?

"Well no, I guess they understand, they have to know me; people that don't know me will call in. But I've been around Rhode Island a long time and they take it with a grain of salt, they know I'm kidding them and everything else. I don't mean it maliciously, let's put it that way."

We would now like you to comment on certain groups from the past such as Dion.

"Dion? Dion was a sort of moppy looking kid but he had an area of talent there but it had to be cultivated. He wasn't doing anything with Dion and the Belmonts, that's for darn sure. Then he went on out on his own and then he had "Ruby Baby", "Donna The Prima-donna" and a few others and he made himself some money, he could never save any money, he always managed to spend it as fast as he got it, he was always broke."

Mickey and Silvia?

"Mickey and Silvia had that record "Love is Strange" and right now Peaches and Herb have come back strong with a 1967 style but they lasted pretty well throughout the years, that's what I call real rhythm and blues."

Four Seasons?

"The Four Seasons are, in my opinion, the greatest group ever. This Frankie Valli is the greatest talent I've ever seen in my life."

The Beatles?

"You can't take it away from them. Everybody's copying the Beatles. They made \$51,000,000, so they must be good and their manager, a very clever manager, the late Brian Epstein, who incidently managed to take this group out of the cellar, they were known as the Silver Beatles then, and he made stars of them, and they must have been good to make \$51,000,000, of course they've got a law suit pending against them with Peter Best, their goodlooking ex-drummer and I think he really has a case. He has a point there. He was with them; he was better looking than all of them and that's why he's suing them. I don't blame them, but he was very talented, I don't know whether he measures up to Ringo, but he was a very very talented boy."

The Stones?

"Well we don't want any narcotic agents down here do we?"

The Monkees?

"Ah, I can take them or leave them, I don't particularly care for them. It's

an area of false talent I would say."

The Young Rascals?

"The Young Rascals are a good group and this new record should sell a couple of million records. This "How Can I Be Sure", it's a darn good sound. I don't know what you think of it, but I think it's really, really great. They're a very, very talented group."

Little Richard?

"Little Richard? Well, the James Brown of today was Little Richard. Little Richard could really put out a soul sound then, if he came back now, now he tried to make a comeback but he just didn't measure up to the music of today. The music has changed considerably. To make a rock-and-roll record today you have to have violins and fiddles behind you and you'll never get it by a publisher in New York, really."

What was your opinion of Annette doing records?

"Annette was a talented girl, and she came off that Mickey Mouse Club and she went on her own, I give her a lot of credit, Annette Funicello."

Chuck Berry?

"HE was a great talent, a fabulous talent, oh he could really put over a song, ol' rubber legs himself, there when he came out and did "Johnny Be Good", "School Day", "Oh Baby Doll" and many more like that. He really knew what he was doing. Cause I happen to like that type of music, I mean you've got to like what you play. don't even bother getting into the business, believe me. I like what I play."

Where do you draw the line between the music you tend to like and the records you don't care for?

"I don't draw the line; whatever's popular and the kids like it, I'll play it for them."

Elvis?

"Elvis? There was something about this guy, Elvis turned out to be one of the greatest talents that this country's ever seen, doesn't make personal appearances, I never particularly liked him and the reason I didn't like him, we had an opportunity once in '56, was it '57? that we made preparations, there were four or five of us that were going

to chip in and we agreed on \$25,000 for one nights performance but his manager wanted \$50,000 and thats where the big furor came and ever since that time I never did like either one of them. But he's still a great talent, he still makes more than Frank Sinatra does yearly." (A million more)

"The name of the game is money,

and we all speak the language."

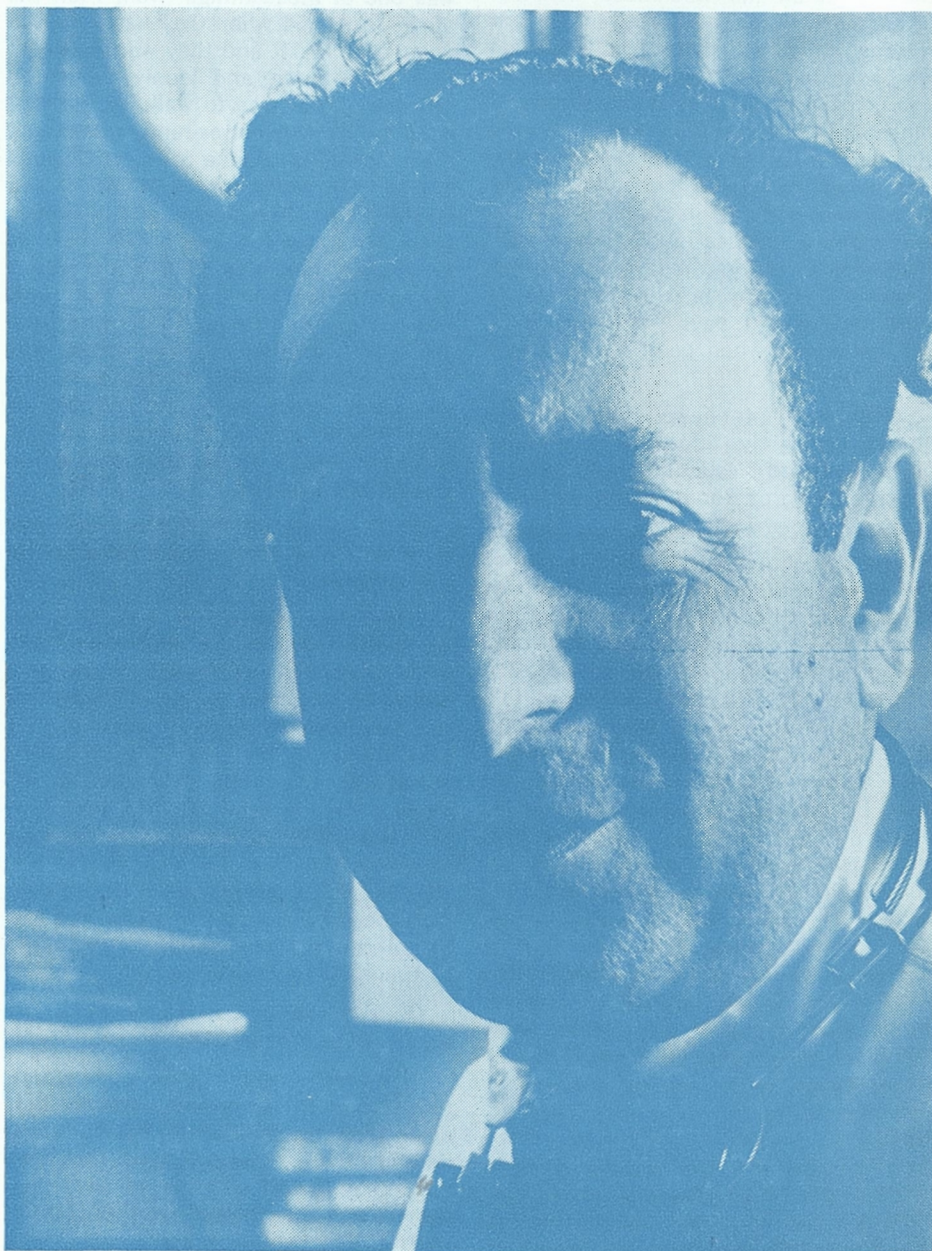
Chuck closes his show, bopping off with a wild Red Prysock sax jam. chanting:

GOOD NIGHT — Rick Nelson

GOOD NIGHT — Jerry Vale

GOOD NIGHT — Robert Goulet

GOOD NIGHT — Elvis,
whatever you are.



WRIB'S Chuck Stevens

POT AND 40 YEARS NEXT DOOR: FOR THE DEFENSE

(With appreciation to Mr. Edwin H. Hastings, a successful attorney in the State of Rhode Island. At the moment, he is in the defense of two former Brown University students, charged with the illegal sale of marijuana to an adult.)

First of all, the federal penalties for the use of addictive drugs are not so severe as those of the State of Rhode Island. Under the Rhode Island statutes, the possession of pot, in any quantity, whether it be one cigarette or ten pounds, has a minimum penalty of two years in jail or a maximum of fifteen years and a fine of up to \$10,000. The real problem is the two years minimum sentence on a possession charge. For the sale of pot to an adult, and that also means if you give it as a gift, deliver it, or if you furnish it to someone, or it could simply be your giving a cigarette to your buddy; if you do any of these things, the minimum is twenty years, and two years if it is just found on you. This also holds true for LSD. Now if you decide to give your roommate some pot or LSD and he is under 21, you're really in trouble because that means 30 years, and that's a minimum. It's also interesting to note that no probation is possible.

These penalties are quite an embarrassment to the Attorney General's office because they apply regardless of the offense, even though you may be a first offender, with nothing more than a parking ticket.

These penalties are the third highest minimum of any crime in the state. The only penalties higher are those for first degree homicide and treason against the state, the latter of which is obsolete in Rhode Island.

Second degree homicide is a ten year penalty, only half of the penalty for the sale or delivery of pot, and arson, when there are people in the house being burned, is a minimum of seven years. Rape, abortion with death resulting, burglary breaking and entering are all much lesser in minimum sentence.

Right now, Mr. Hastings is defense attorney in three cases pending in the Superior Court. But the one BP is most interested in is the former Brown student case.

The student concerned is Robert Johnson, charged with the sale of pot. Johnson was a minor at the time of the offense, but is charged with sale of pot to an adult, this particular adult being a member of the Providence Police Department, posing under another guise. One can see, the police were the ones who initiated the offense, not the boys. Motions to dismiss the indictments have been filed and the boy is out on bail, which was, of you're curious, quite a high amount. The grounds for the dismissal are that they were unconstitutional on several points:

1. The punishments are cruel and unusual and disproportionate to the offense.

2. Equal protection under the law, in that a person pursuing happiness through the use of pot is subjected to immensely heavier penalties than by pursuing the same effect of happiness through alcohol.

It is interesting to note that in the hearing on the Johnson case that took place last June, the question was brought up of pot causing psychiatric trouble long after its actual use. However, Mr. Hastings tells me that the majority of experts who testified felt that it would not. This is interesting because in a circular that we all received early in the year on pot, mention was made that it did often cause trouble after its initial use.

Now to what is felt to be the real trouble: the C Squad or Control Squad. It is part of the Providence Police Force and is concerned with prostitution, gambling, sex problems, as well as pot and LSD. When BP inquired of Mr. Hastings as to whether the C Squad had overstepped their bounds, we were met with a no comment. The unanswered question is whether the techniques used by the C Squad are all that they should be. This is a question we will consider in a future issue of BP.

This article is for the defense. Future articles in this series will consider persons such as Malcom Brown and Lt. Robert Ricci, of the C Squad, Attorney General Herbert F. DeSimone and other men in strategic power positions in the state of Rhode Island.

Roy Furman

from a sunbeam radiant with prepared
faces

terrible with people

growing in the greenness of housepaint
almost grass

my mind to dream of flipped girl knock-
ing fearfully

on my defenseless window at three
thirty

in the mist-grey morning

changed rapidly to insanity of waking
and going to the window

timorously

asking nothing to come in because she'll
catch her death — tho' maybe

she already had—

who, indeed, would not pause

especially me, who had enough difficulty
with the real,

than to gallivant with pretty ghosts;

she fled sorrily after seeing me, no
doubt, as i thought she might,

after chivalrously asking her what she
would like etcetera.

i went back in bed heated with the un-
comfortableness of silent loss

moaned myself to sticky sleep, a damp
heat heap

bouncing around to find a place in this
place.

waking — away from a sunbeam knock-
ing at the window

prepared with people.

HELL

Ed Baranosky

A SYMPHONY OF TERROR



Novelist Bram Stoker wrote "Dracula" in 1877 but the real origin of the vampire is found in certain Russian folktales of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Stoker's "Dracula" was adapted and presented on the stage at the Royal Lyceum in London soon after the book was first published. A more condensed version appeared in 1927 which featured Bela Lugosi as the thirsty Count and Edward Van Sloan as Dr. Van Helsing. Later Todd Browning

and Garrett Fort adapted that stageplay into the famous Universal film version of 1931.

However, the first real movie version of "Dracula" was made in Germany by the Prana Company in 1922. Stoker's novel was the basis for this silent film directed by F. W. Murman, but scriptwriter Henrick Galeen added some touches of his own.

"Nosferatu, a Symphony of Terror"

features Max Schreck as the gaunt vampire count in a make-up piece which alters grotesquely as the film progresses. Many consider this earliest "Dracula" to be the most frightening ever made. Today's film audiences familiar only with Bela Lugosi's and Christopher Lee's more "suave" portrayals may well be startled by Schreck's striking characterization.

Dana B. Larrabee

Is "bad taste better than no taste"? For some, the presentation below will make this a perplexing question since its presentation will be irresponsible and offend. For me, it is the fact that something is said—and what is more important, achieved—that is essential. The spirit may be latent, but it belongs to us all. Charles Lloyd was here because this spirit got him here. And those of us who heard him experienced something out of the ordinary. Maybe we can not afford the ordinary anymore.

Don Simon

WE LIKE TASTE

**BAD TASTE IS BETTER
THAN NO TASTE**

ART FOR THE ART SCHOOL'S SAKE

**MY OBSESSION IS
YOUR DISCRETION**

That abortion last weekend testifies to the point. As it were "dance", low-grade band, no people, draggy lighting, more. We can't have any more stuff like that around here anymore. Let's get things hi-grade. There is money to do things with. The only reason touring bands, or Peter Voulkos visiting the East Coast, or speakers don't stop at this the trainstop between Boston and New York... is we don't ask them to — and RISD is the only reason here they would stop. There is money. We sure don't want to talk about draggy subjects like RISD, we are boring ourselves.

If you hear of anyone or anything available or passing through, or just plain suggestions, share it. Tell the paper and we'll help. Tell a club, they have money to blow. No more messy embarrassing teenage scenes like that International House screw for a giant \$1.25. Hi-grade or not at all. Let's not let them play earwash-WLKW or "Hollywood Strings Plays the Beach Boys' Hits" in the Bookstore. Leave jive to the American Legion, the Rotary and their representatives in our age bracket, colleges. I don't want to care either, but if we're going to be in Providence eight months of the year, let's not have our lives be a continuation of The Monkees,

Norman Rockwell, Musak blandness sequence. If you heard that the impractical, unpleasant, and most important TEENAGE tent dance cost over one thousand, you'd realize we should be contacting agents and speakers and Jimi Hendrix right now.

For the same cash we could have a real endless drunk with food, the Moby Grape, the Mike Tylick Dirty Bop Revue, good amplification, Jean Shepherd speaking between sets, or maybe just Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, but that's OK, too. And your Gansett wouldn't be frozen in your hand by the Atlantic's gales. (Why not in decent temperature season?)

My Obsession is Your Discretion. BP will help locate agents, arrange, get the deal approved by right administration, etc. Help support this attempt to bring Charles Lloyd here. They're offering a special price because they want to play for us, and we're gonna ignore it? Leary, Kerouac, Doors, Mitch Ryder, Yardbirds at Brown, and we have the American Blur or something with "Mustang Sally" for the 69th time. The money's there, it's allotted to student activities, for us to spend—we paid it as a fee!—money—so get some and do something with it now.

And what's all this about breaking even? Sometimes you win a little, sometimes you lose. (The Tent Dance cost is separate of \$500 loss always allowed for.) Our attempt to bring Lloyd here will be a great start.

Club leaders—when you're going to throw something, don't just get the refectory and a band for \$150. For the same cost you could get a soul revue or something more attractive, plus it'll draw better. We almost want to see another Hope High teenager with a guitar in our refectory (certainly don't have the balls to have a draggy thing for a buck). Dances are just an immediate example — a fragment of what can be done. Spend school money. It's there.

Let someone who doesn't care do it, and we're gonna get raw hamburgers at the Farm with electric juice machines, teen bands, and no Ginsberg all year, which is just an extension of high school, now at RISD the college.

Do it ourself, with a speck of work—

we can do the sick things we want, Electric Weekend, music, actors, leaders, poets, events, even artists. If we don't allocate the cash, it will just sit there, until someone will say, "We need new wrestling mats in the SAO," and they'll get the money.

If you're sitting on the lawn thinking, "wow/ it'd be a gas to have Jimi Henrix come here and flip out on stage." or you'd sure like to see Groucho Marx come and make wise-cracks, or maybe Little Richard queer dance in Mem Hall, or have MacNamara speak—tell us, put the suggestion in the BP mailbox in the SAO office, or corner a club leader, or scream at the Student Council. From now on we're just going to list agencies, prices, news of interesting people or things available.

This is the first issue of the year and the last article about RISD. Let's get going.

Tim Duffy & Bill Dunning Music Editors



A SYMPHONY OF TERROR

THESIS FOR KIDS

I went up to Pawtucket on Sunday to see a thesis project. The Project is a playground being financed by the city of Pawtucket, and was designed and is being constructed by three RISD Industrial Design graduates. Amid constant questions of "where's Derek?" and "are you going to paint today?", from the neighborhood kids, Bill Kienzel talked to me about the project that he, Yasuteru Ohta, and Derek Durst have been working on since before the end of school last spring. He said that after local approval of their plans came in May of this year the project progressed, 'rapidly for a local government affair.' Bill explained that actually their job was to make over a street corner recreation area that was at best a parking lot with tennis and basketball court markings, and a few swings.

The most undesirable thing about the site was its flat treelessness, which the designers have sought to remedy by rebuilding a few very natural feeling ground swells. One end of the park is a rebuilt grade that required the installation of a retaining wall to the new hill from crushing an adjacent building. They also built up a "king of the hill" mound, surrounded by a sand pile and laced with three conduit tunnels meeting in a fortress like brick well that you get down into and peer through the tunnels to boulders, for hiding behind, and vertical timbers to hide behind and climb on top of. While I climbed over the "Blarney Stone", "Plymouth Rock", and "The Pebble". Bill showed me the basketball courts, senior and junior size, so everyone gets a chance to play; and the tennis court which in winter will be used as a skating rink.

Although the playground is now dusty with only a few trees on the perimeter, I saw the first sprouts of the newly planted grass, and listened as Bill pointed out the locations where the



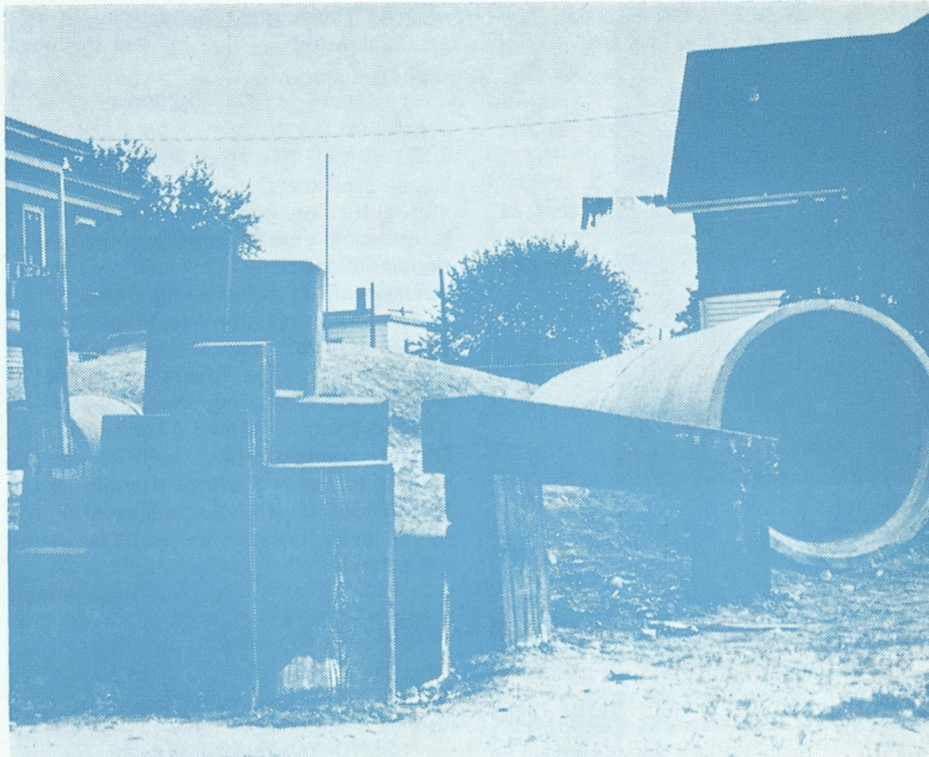
trees, about forty of them, are to be planted. They also worked into the plans a corner of trees, grass, and benches. One of the benches is of particular note. There beneath the varnish is immortalized some child's melted chocolate.

Of course the area is fenced in, but the paint job, consisting of panels of blue, purple, blue purple blue, green yellow . . . , not only minimizes the sense of being enclosed, but is a delight in itself.

The tour over, Bill and I went to get some more breakfast, and I ended up staying all day slopping that damned beautiful paint all over the fence and myself. As we painted, he told me that they had been helped in the planning and acquisition of materials by the city planner and parks director, but that the actual work had been done by the three of them, a few Youth Corps kids, who looked for more ways out of work, than how to do it, and most of all by the neighborhood kids. In fact, the whole time I was there, the kids with their natural fascination for paint, were asking if they could help us. They did a good job up to a point, but it was simple for us, being a bit taller, to finish the tops of the fence panels.

Bill also said that to cut down on the expenses of vandalism, they had used very basic and inexpensive materials, such as the named boulders which came from an excavation next to the Pawtucket city hall. All day, the park owners climbed over their boulders, ran up their hill, played Robin Hood and Little John on their bridge, and bombed targets with their feet from the upright, dollar a foot, eight inch by eight inch timbers. All day, the owners followed the planners and builders around, carrying their coats, talking about their families and friends, fetching paint buckets, and knowing about everything that went into making their park a gift from three guys who got "East and West together for the benefit of mankind."

Charles Leonard





**Dear
Abbott,**

I am a freshman, and everything has been cool for me so far. (I've been scored, tripped out, met a queer, etc.) But now I'm worried. I've heard of a tent dance, but I don't know what it is. Does it suck or what?

Terry Glens

Mr. Glens

I'm frightfully glad to hear of your social success at our fair college. And here's to kill your fears concerning the upcoming affair.

It's sort of a tie and jacket affair so business suit will do nicely. The gathering has also a rather stately air, so speak softly, drink lightly and choose your female acquaintances carefully. In other words don't step on anyone's toes. Remember also, however, that this is perhaps the loosest gathering in the social season so don't be afraid of having a little "good, clean fun."

I hope I've dispelled your premature doubts and given you the social backbone you so obviously need.

—Abbott

Dear Abbott,

I am now at a turning point in my life; things that once seemed real to me, now do not. I am desperately looking for some sort of spiritual satisfaction.

Abbott, where can I attain this satisfaction? And in what realms must I

search? There must be validity in this artificial world we live in. Tell me what it is.

Signed,
Perplexed

Dear Perplexed,

The turning point you have reached is common enough among most young people. Especially common in these, our sometimes bewildering times.

The stock solution would be to turn to religion, of course, but this could be disastrous as a first step, in that it would be a grasping, desperate move. I suggest you look inward for an answer. Do you create? If not, try it. Some say making things is the best therapy known for minds. If it looks successful you might even take some courses at an art school.

—Dear Abbott

ABBOTT HAS THE ANSWERS.

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO

DEAR ABBOTT — RISD BOX #1

Questions

Blockprint has received the following question:

"Why are the secretaries and assorted administrative personnel allowed to fill the RISD parking lots with their cars while the professors and instructors, who often come for only a part of the day, frequently are forced to find other places to park?"

"Does not the providing of a parking place imply esteem? And is not the providing or not providing of a parking place an obvious discrimination?"

"And, in that light, isn't the next question 'Which group is more vital, more esteemed, and therefore more worthy of the courtesy of using the school-owned parking facilities?'"

Blockprint finds the above especially relevant in this time of rising discontent with, for one thing, the mere fact that in this small school, the ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF NUMBERS AS LARGE AS THE FACULTY.

DEMONSTRATE!



TO END
THE WAR
IN
VIETNAM

WASHINGTON D.C.

FIFTH AVE. VIETNAM PEACE PARADE COMMITTEE, 17 E. 17ST., N.Y.C.

JULIO LE PARC: THE CRAFT OF LIGHT

Slivers of undulating metal, mimicking mirrors, slowly metamorphosing patterns of light, optical-illusionary glasses, clicking strings of plastic disks — these are some of the media used by Julio Le Parc, the witty, sensitive Argentinian who won first prize in the Venice Biennale last summer. Since the award was made in the category of "painting," purists declared the decision a scandal, painters claimed it an outrage, and the art-interested public has been breaking museum and gallery attendance records ever since; in the major show "Kunst Licht" at Eindhoven, Holland, where Le Parc's Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel (GRAV) of Paris was among the exhibitors; in the two Paris galleries of art dealer Denise Rene; and at the Howard Wise Gallery in New York City.

Visitors to Le Parc's exhibitions enjoy the novelty, the fun, the diversity of uses to which light is purposefully put. Whether or not one takes seriously the significance of Le Parc's creations, it is difficult to come away from his shows unaltered. The fascination of seeing the world through distorting lenses is curiously relaxing. The buttons we are asked to push give us a stake in what is happening. The vibrating, reflecting, and fractionalized images sharpen our appetite for the new and invite speculations on the nature and structure of light. The spectator's senses are engaged, and he becomes aware of the almost limitless range of visual relationship which light can make possible.

The viewer often feels more performer than spectator. The satisfactions of being a participating part of all this are so uniquely gratifying that the desire to purchase an element and take it out of its environment begins to seem as silly as wanting to possess a play or a film.

This is a conviction that Le Parc shares with the other members of GRAV. He believes with them that the time will come when the "obsessive" desire to own a work of art will, for many, be replaced by other aesthetic pleasures experienced as part of a group, as in a happening. He particularly deplores the artists who make an idolatrous mystery of the creative act. He feels that his own aims can be defined as precisely as a

mathematical equation and without, what he and his colleagues believe to be, the subjective hocus-pocus so frequently associated with the visual arts.

Julio Le Parc brought the substance of his beliefs to Paris with him in 1958 when he first came there on an art scholarship. He soon met and was encouraged by Victor Vasarely and Denise Rene. He was later joined in Paris by his Argentinian artist-friends Garcia Rosi, Morellet, Sobrino, Stein, and Yvaral who, together in 1960, formed GRAV. In their first New York show at the Contemporaries gallery in 1962 (CRAFT HORIZONS, January/February 1963), GRAV projected their "mobile constructions" as experiments with the phenomenon of movement as related to light, color, metal, and plastic.

The artists begin with the thesis that, "The idea of motion presupposes the idea of time. With motion, the work of art moves from the realm of space to the spatial-temporal realm." Attempting, then, to integrate image-motion-time inseparably, they establish the new unity by the following:

- Incomprehensible, identical repetition of detail, resulting in retinal fatigue so that the image blurs.
- The changing of form by focusing the eye on different parts of the object at different times.
- Linear patterns in three-dimensional space which can be confused with two-dimensional space.
- Objects which tremble or move.
- Transparent materials creating ambiguous space.

At the Eindhoven exhibition as well as in his Paris shows, it was not Le Parc's always fertile invention that seemed most in which he pursued his clearly stated aims. How else, he asks, can one go about getting exact rather than approximate results when the nature of the optical and physical research is so complex: color-light layered in depth and projected by a succession of sheets of transparent plexiglas fixed at a forty-five degree angle or in free movement; one thousand little squares of plexiglas in indeterminate movement reflecting the images around them or projecting an infinity of reflections of changing forms — spectacle

made possible by months of structured study and experiment.

To judge from the steadily increasing numbers of artists who are now using various forms of light and electrical energy to build their repertoire of images, it will not be long before we have an art of vitality linked, perhaps, with film and theatre and dance in some completely unpredictable way.

by Emanuel Benson, from
CRAFT HORIZONS, July/August

Letters To The Editor

Dear Blockprint and You:

Here I am — Montreal Quebec Canada. Thanks Old Mother Country. Am I bitter? — No! — I can see that Canada has as much to offer the non-stagnant person as that person has to offer Canada which is more than some countries I know have to offer.

School here is inexpensive, (\$400 the year tuition). Montreal is, although not as swinging as Boston or New York, a beautiful, clean, modern city with a place for the Sunday school teacher to the wayout hippie. There is more creativeness on 1 mile of Sherbrooke Street as there is on 5 miles of down town Boston. There is an especial conscientiousness of life here.

I don't think I escaped the draft by going from bad to worse. I think I escaped the draft by coming to Canada and discovering that whole countries are as dissatisfied with the United States' policies as I am. One sees the U. S. in a different attitude here.

What I wish to stress in this blurb is not that you potential draftees should come to Canada. The U. S. has more potential than any country.

Just look and evaluate for yourself. Stop the warring attitude — seek out the personal constructiveness that is so deep within you, and make it possible to stay in a more beautiful America — through seriousness of virtue not of power. Harmony.

PAX ET AMOUR —
Former Student Norman Odell, Jr.
3615 Prud'Homme
Montreal, Quebec.

SATURDAY SCHOOL

The RISD Junior School opens this month under the direction of recently appointed Edward G. A. Kubler and with a new approach to the problem of visual education. According to Dr. David B. Manzella, the program exists for several reasons. The most important is the necessity for experimentation with teaching methods. In order to facilitate the program of assisting prospective teachers to become imaginative and creative art educators, the size of the school has been reduced so that no class will have more than twenty-five students. Those attending have not been chosen for any particular artistic ability. Each class is to be taught by a team of four or five RISD seniors and graduate students in the field of Teacher Education. They will be assisted by the lectures of visiting professionals in related areas. The teachers working with Dr. Manzella and Mr. Bubler, will develop their curricula as the classes progress. The development of systems which will allow the student to increase his imagination, creativity and sense of awareness was also instrumental in determining the experimental nature of the program. The teacher's personal involvement with the student and that of the student with the medium will be stressed. As an example, in classes in film making, each student will have the use of an inexpensive camera and will be asked to photograph whatever interests him. The modification of older departmental lines, i.e. between painting, drawing and sculpture, will be effected during the year. Rather than a "programmatic" attempt at repeating or perfecting what has already been done, the school will supply the facilities for exploring a wider, interrelated sense of art in our surroundings. And hopefully it will develop the student's basic, sensual relationship with his environment. The information and experience gained from the operation of the school will be of use to the community.

School of Design students will be informed on the development of the program through Blockprint.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS INSTEAD OF:

Sons and Daughters is a feature length documentary film about youth and controversy. Set in the San Francisco Bay Area during The International Days of Protest, October 15 - 16, 1965, it records 36 hours of the life of a community challenged by the impact of an unpopular war. It is the story of America's sons and daughters, those who fight in Vietnam, those from the Negro Ghettos, and those who are being trained to fill the ranks of the dying in Vietnam.

Participants include: Paul Goodman, Staughton Lynd, Robert Scheer, Sound: THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

The interrelationship of the various contemporary political issues is dramatized by a technique the filmmakers come to call "creative documentary." Footage from actual events occurring in different places at different times is juxtaposed to bring out comparisons and contrasts, and to bring about a new understanding of familiar happenings.

Sponsored by the Mobilization Committee of R. I. and an extension of the RISD Committee for Peace in Vietnam to help finance the March On Washington. Those interested in the forthcoming march should watch for the sign up table in Memorial Hall.

CALENDAR

Sunday — Oct. 3 — Brown U. — Carmichael Audi. 2:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday — Oct. 10 — R.I.S.D. — Memorial Hall — 7:30 p.m.
Thursday — Oct. 12 — Brown U. — Carmichael Audi. — 2:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

ON OCTOBER 23, 1967
MR. ALFRED SAN SOUCI
THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM
JOSTENS INC.
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FROM 10 UNTIL 2:30
TO TAKE ORDERS FOR
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AS USUAL A \$10.00 DEPOSIT
WILL BE REQUIRED.

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October 13, 14 Luvs

The Grass Menagerie

THE PSYCHEDELIC SUPERMARKET

October 13, 14 Jay Guill's Blues Band

The Zite

UNICORN

dial UNI-corn

October 13, 14 Odetta

CLUB 47

864-3266

October 13, 14 Judy Roderick

NEW YORK

THE NITE OWL

677-8060

Vacation

THE VILLAGE GATE

475-5120

October 13, 14 Herbie Mann

THE CAFE AU GO-GO

777-4530

October 13, 14 The Chrysallis, Eric Anderson

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

777-1080

October 13, 14 The Carnival Connection

THE SCENE

582-5760

October 13, 14 The McCoy's

THE DOM

787-2210

October 13, 14 Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs

THE VILLAGE THEATRE

475-8400

October 14 Arthur Prysock, Sarah Vaughn

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MIDNIGHT STRING QUARTET

Special Guest Star

JANICE IAN — SOCIETY'S CHILD

R. I. Auditorium 111 N. Main

8:15 P.M. OCT. 13

tickets at R. I. AUD. and AVERY PIANO

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRINTS FOR RISD Photography Portfolio must be submitted by 5:00 P.M., Oct. 23. Any students may make submissions.

ALL PRINTS selected for traveling show due mounted Oct. 16 at noon.

PHOTO ED. SOCIETY trip to Museum of Modern art to Ray K. Metzger show. Friday, Oct. 27, 1967.

PHOTO ED. SOCIETY picnic and soccer game Oct. 15, noon at school farm.

APPAREL DESIGN — We need 18 models for the Fashion Dept. and would like to see any girl from size 6 through 12, the taller the better. Please come up to the Apparel Dept. anytime on Monday or Tuesday.

PEMBROKE DANCE CLUB invites any interested modern dancer, male or female, to dance with us on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at 5:10 P.M. in the Pembroke gym. Girls should have some prior training, men just need an interest.

FOR SALE: Nikon 35mm photomic F-1.4 lens. — Carrying case — 5" telephoto — flashgun. Call 421-1914.

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN EXPO TRIP: October 12-15, Bus \$12.00, Lodgings \$12.00. For reservation please leave your name with Mrs. Howe in Market Building before Wednesday.

Three weeks ago Gyra Gunderson of Scandinavia Imports, Santuit, Cape Cod found a purse left in her shop. The contents suggest that the owner is a fine arts student. Yours, perhaps?

Sandwich a Go Go wants someone to stencil on beer barrels to be used as a promotion. See Rick.

CALENDAR

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9

12:00 Noon Gym — Dance Class
3:00 p.m. 432 — Sound Lab meeting
7:00 p.m. 412 — Student Council Meeting
7:15 p.m. Mem- Hall — Film-Peace for Vietnam Comm.
9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis — Sign up with SAO

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11

7:30 p.m. Parking Lot — Busses for Tent Dance Shuttle
7:30 p.m. Various Apartments — BLOCKPRINT BOYCOTT OF TENT DANCE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film — "Nosferatu"

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

3:30 p.m. Fac. Lg. — Mademoiselle Tea
8:00 p.m. Tennis — Tennis — Sign up at SAO

SATURDAY

12 noon New London — Sailing Race

CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE

The following office hours will be held in the Chaplain's Office, Ground Floor, Carr House (entrance on Waterman St.) You are invited to drop in any time. If you want to see one of us at another time, feel free to telephone — the numbers are on the blue notices around the school, and are posted on the door of the office.

Mondays, 11:30 - 1:30, Rabbi Rosen (beg. Oct. 9th)

Tuesdays, 12:30 - 2:30, Judith Speyer

Wednesdays, 3:00 - 5:00, Father Coleman

Thursdays, 2:00 - 3:30, Cannon Crocker (beg. Oct. 10)

Friday, 12:00 - 2:00, The Rev. Stan Bratton

Gradually we shall be building up a library of periodicals and books which we hope will be useful. We hope also to have occasional discussions offered. Your comments and suggestions are welcomed.

MODELS WANTED

No Experience Necessary

Mutual Contracts Honored

Contact CHARLIE THE MODEL

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A coalition of mianderers
treads the gutter albatross
treads the life

longed

lines.

Pours swallow filthy clean.
The soul is maker of the mean.

Garrow Throop

NOT TO
CIRCULATE

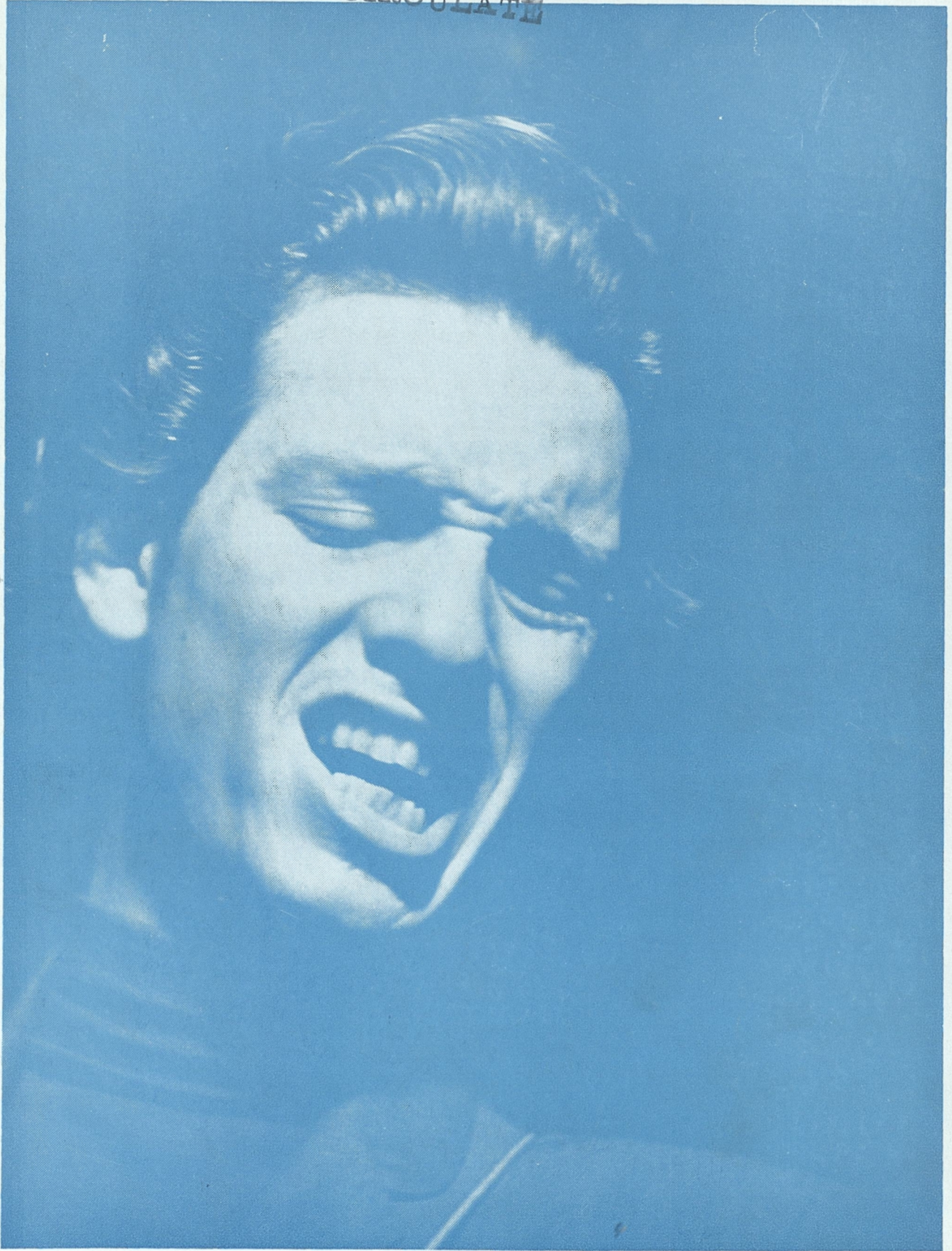


Photo By Carner